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The University of Maryland

the calvert review

Winter, 1964

Speaking for myself and the entire staff, I am pleased to present this issue of the Calvert Review. The 1964 Winter issue represents a careful selection of the best poems, short stories, and art submitted by the students of the University of Maryland. Also included are a short story by one of the masters of the form in translation from the Russian, and very incisive interviews with two important contemporary writers.

The Calvert Review tries to reflect the spirit of creativity and interest in literature of the university, and hopes to stimulate others to fulfill their own artistic potentialities.

- Peter Benoit
The Editor

the calvert review

UNIVERSITY of MARYLAND Volume I, No. 3

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LETTER TO

O do you remember when we were
high in the Kings Chair having eaten
our fill below at the roaring brook
we climbed the cliffs through flowers
puddles green summers passion to the
sky above the trees and below the sun
and somewhere in between where curses
and spits could not reach high and
God could not embarrass low. There
on a ledge that ledged over the plebian
ledge where the common people sat and
stared and mused and felt vain-glories
you lay on my right side and me lay on
the rock as I felt miserly glad of my
hard bed -- and there we made our whimper
love and with my gentle caress the world
shook your dry lips caused draught
tenthousandinnocents die at your little
nip and war threats abounded I golden
hard you butter-cream soft you the rolling
ocean I the stony earth the world was
our pumpkin pudding puddle love. And
in our caress conscious world three
matron dried dug Sunday bible bubble
school marms entered with all their
little chillums.

Blastdamnshit

O kiddo what right had they
to come so high with their babble of
children those sniveling gawking smawking
children and those proprietous mammary
marms all worn out and unknowing of
what we were and felt. Ah that they
couldn't see us, that we were above
them, with their savage sterility their
disgusting sticky screaming imbecile
children we were summer morning dew
innocent-lascivious they dried horn
toad propriety and to defy what they
were became part of our love. My

hands dared under your flower-whisper
blouse and your halter was undone small
softnesses that braved, that we were in
front of them we were together loving
before touching above kissing beyond
and far far from what they were.
PUDDLES. I puddled in you we were
puddled together and they could not
stand it it tore them asunder sent
them falling breaking flying down the
hill to tear them open purge them from
our life fall from our height and
break on the ground so far beneath
our feet. All gone all broken split
and streaming the effluvia of unfeeling
old trickle-trimlings of rotteness stink
so we could fly the higher be unshootable
and puddle in puddle high puddle green
puddle love.

- *R.M.*

PARADISE LOST

Education was my apple
I lost the frame of mind
that made my work look great
Now it is tripe
Yet I can do no better.
Once I was happy
Filled with satisfaction
Now I am saddened
with the reality of my worth.

-Donald A. Brown

THE CHILD

Magda-Cathline
ran to me
"I saw an Archangel last night
blowing a trumpet
There Jesus stooped
to pick up a trumpet flower
Jesus patted me on the head"

The child wept
The snow of innocence on her face
and whispered
"A chariot picked up Jesus
and the Archangel
There was a flash
as the sun burned
the chariot out of sight
Jesus patted me on the head"

Macedonian Child
don't run to me
Your visions burn my eyes
I was a child of innocence
who wept for Jesus

-Tobias Bickerstaff

RIGHT OF PASSAGE

Eighteen is the arrogant
age for a girl.
She can flaunt her rights to the stars
And scream to the world that she is
a woman
She can leave home and be layed
and get married, even.
Only all the time she is screaming
like some machine, waiting for them
to hear her, the softness in her voice
is turning to tin
and tears, and threats and every ounce
of her soul is pitched into the battle
to become an adult.
It is a blind and dirty fight
because even the people she met so briefly
this afternoon thought she was twenty.

But this is me at eighteen and mean
from my battles which have raged
so violently within and without,
and it is only now, this instant that I
recall at seventeen I wrote poems.

-Martha Raymond

POEM

Listen, the wind is still blowing
Even though you are asleep
With your mouth closed in a smile
And I lie here awake
Waiting for you to hear the wind
And make it go away

Make it go away
It is not my fault
That the wind blows
That the sky is suffocating under heavy clouds
And the rain never comes.

-Kay Grimes

CHAMPAGNE, A ROGUE'S TALE

In that year, from which my story begins, I was serving as the station-master of a small station on one of our south-western railroads. Whether it was gay or whether it was boring for me to live at the station can be seen from the fact that for twenty versts all around there was neither human life, nor a single woman, nor a decent tavern; and in those times I was young, sturdy, full of fire, whimsical, and stupid. Only the windows of passenger trains and the garbage water in which Jews mix dope could be considered solitary diversions. As it would happen, a woman's head would flash in the car window and you would freeze up like a statue: you wouldn't breathe and you would watch until the train would become a barely-visible point; or else you would drink whatever you could get of that repugnant vodka, - you would become a silhouette and wouldn't feel the long hours and days fleeing by. The steppe acted upon me - a native-born son of the north - like a glimpse of an abondoned tartar treasure. In summer the steppe brought upon me a sullen sadness with its solemn serenity - that monotonous tone of grass-hoppers, the transparent light of the moon from which one can hide nowhere - and in the winter the pure whiteness of the steppe, its cold expanse, long nights and wolf howls all crushed me like a heavy nightmare.

There were several people living at the station: me wife and I, a deaf and scrofulous telegraphist and three guards. My assistant, a consumptive young man, went to the city to undergo treatment, where he resided whole months, while leaving me his duties together with the right to use his pay. I didn't have any children; and you couldn't get guests here for love or money - I myself could visit only co-workers along the line, and even then no oftener than once a month. In general it was a most boring life.

I remember, my wife and I were greeting the New Year. We were sitting at the table lazily chewing and were listening to how the deaf telegraphist was tapping monotonously on his key in the next room. I already had drunk about five wine-glasses full of strong-spirited vodka and, having rubbed my heavy head with my

fist, I was thinking about my truimphless, sortie-less boredom; and my wife was sitting next to me and couldn't tear her eyes away from my face. She was looking at me the same as would only a woman with nothing in the world besides a handsome husband. She loved me madly, like a slave, and not only my good looks or my soul, but my sins, my evilness and boredom and even my cruelty - when I would be in a drunken frenzy, and not knowing upon whom to pour out my evil, I would torment here with reproaches.

In spite of the boredom which was eating at me, we were preparing to meet the New Year with a most unusual solemnity and were awaiting midnight with a bit of impatience. The fact of the matter was that we had stored two very real bottles of champage with Venre Clicot labels. I had won this treasure on a bet still in autumn from the chief of the railway division while making merry at a christening party. Just as it happens that during a lesson of mathematics, when even the air is chilled by the boredom, a butterfly will fly into the classroom from the yard and the little boys will shake their heads and begin to follow the flight with curiosity as if they were seeing before themselves not a butterfly but something new, strange - so it was exactly that ordinary champagne, having fallen accidentally into our boring little station, amused us. We were silent and were looking now at the clock, now at the bottles.

When the hand of the clock showed five of twelve I began slowly to uncork the bottle. I don't know whether or not I was weak from the vodka or whether the bottle was too moist; but I remember only that when the cork flew towards the ceiling with a pop my bottle slipped out of my hands and fell on the floor. No more than a glass-full of wine spilled out because I managed to catch the bottle and plug up its foaming neck with my finger.

"Well, happy New Year! Here's to new happiness" I said, pouring two glasses. "Drink!"

My wife took her glass and stared at me with frightened eyes. Her face grew pale and expressed terror.

"You spilled the bottle?" she asked.

"Yes, I spilled it. So what?"

"That's not good," she said, putting down her glass and becoming even paler. "It's a bad sign. It means that in this year something bad will happen to us."

"What a *baba* you are!" I sighed. "You're a smart woman, but you rave on, like an old nurse. Drink!"

"God forbid that I should rave... but... without fail something will happen! You just wait and see!"

She didn't even raise her glass to her lips, she went off to the side and began to meditate. I recited several old sentences on account of superstitions, drank down a whole bottle, paced from corner to corner, and went out.

In the yard the quiet frozen night was standing in all of its cold unsociable beauty. In the heights above the very station the moon and near it two white puffy little clouds were hanging motionlessly as if pasted there and as if they were waiting for something. A transparent light softly moved from them and - as if fearing to affront its modesty - tenderly touched the white ground, illuminating everything: the snow heaps, the embankment... It was quiet.

I walked along the embankment.

"Stupid woman!" I thought while looking at the sky, which was full of bright stars. "If even it were to be allowed that signs sometimes speak the truth, then just what bad could happen to us? Those misfortunes which already have been experienced and which are still on hand now are so great that it is difficult to conceive of anything still worse. How much more evil is it possible to cause to a fish which has already been caught, fried, and served at the table under a sauce?"

A poplar tree, tall, covered with hoar-frost appeared in the somewhat blueish darkness like a giant dressed in a shroud. It looked at me sternly and sullenly, as if, like myself, it understood its loneliness. I looked for a long time.

"It wasn't for a *grosch* that my youth perished like an unwanted cigarette butt," I continued to think. "My parents died when I was still a baby, they drove me out of high school. I was born into a noble family, but received neither an upbringing, nor an education, and my knowledge is no greater than that of any grease monkey. I have neither refuge, near-relatives, friends, nor any affairs. I'm not capable of doing anything at all and in my heyday my strength was suited only for their filling up the position of chief of a small station with me. I have known nothing in my life besides failure and poverty. Just what could happen that would be bad?"

In the distance there appeared red lights. The train was coming to meet me. The sleeping steppe listened to its noise. My thoughts were so bitter that it seemed to me that I was thinking aloud, that moan of the telegraph and the noise of the train were transmitting my thoughts.

"Just what else bad could possibly happen? The loss of my wife?" I asked myself. "And this isn't so terrible. One can't hide from one's own conscience: I don't love my wife! I married her when I was still a young kid. Now I am still young and strong, but she has grown leaner and older, and stupid, she's stuffed with superstitions from her head to her heels. What is there that is good in her sugary smile, her sunken chest, or in her dull gaze? I do tolerate her, but I don't love her. Just what could possibly happen? It's not for a pinch of snuff as it is said, that my youth has vanished. Only in train windows do women flash before me, like falling stars. There was never any love, and there is none. My manliness is perishing, and my courage, my warmth... Everything is perishing, like a litter, and my riches here in the steppes are not worth a copper *grosch*.

With a roar the train flew past me and, with its red windows, indifferently illuminated me. I saw how it stopped by the green lights of the station, stood for a minute, and rolled on. Having walked about two versts, I returned back. The sad thoughts wouldn't leave me. How bitter it was for me; but, as I remember it, it was as if I were trying to make my thoughts sadder and gloomier. You know, moments happen to short-witted and proud people when the realization that they are miserable gives them no small amount of satisfaction - and they even flirt before their very selves with their sufferings. There was much truth in my thoughts, but there was also much that was absurd and vain-glorious, and something boyishly provocative in my question: "Now just what could possibly happen bad?"

"Yes, just what will happen?" I asked myself returning. "It seems everything has been lived through. I've been sick, and I've lost money, and I receive reprimands from the administration every day, and a rabied wolf has run through the entrance of the station. What else? They have insulted me, humiliated me...

and in my lifetime I have insulted. I really, you know, have only never been a criminal; it seems that I have no talent for crime, so I'm not afraid of becoming one."

Two little clouds had already drifted away from the moon and were hovering at a distance with the appearance such as if they were whispering about something that the moon wasn't to know about. A light little breeze ran along the steppe carrying the resounding noise of the departed train.

At the threshold of the house my wife met me. Her eyes gayly laughed and her whole face breathed with satisfaction.

"I have some news " she began to whisper. "Go to your room quickly and put on your new suit. We have a lady-guest "

"What sort of lady-guest?"

"Aunt Natalya Petrovna just arrived on the train."

"Whose Natalya Petrovna?"

"The wife of my uncle Semyon Fyodorich. You don't know her. She is very good and fine . . ."

"It's strange, of course, that she has come, but Nikolai, don't you be angry and look indulgently. She is misfortunate, you know. Uncle Semyon Fyodorich is really a despot and is evil, it's difficult to get along with him. She says that she will only stay three days, until she will receive a letter from her brother."

My wife was for a long while still whispering to me some kind of nonsense about the despotism of her uncle, about human weakness in general and of young wives in particular, about our obligation to give comfort to everyone, even to great sinners, and so on. Having understood exactly nothing, I put on my new suit and went to become acquainted with "auntie."

At the table there was sitting a small woman with large black eyes. My table, the grey walls, the crudly-made divan . . . everything, it seemed, right down to the smallest piece of dust, had become younger and had become gayer in the presence of this new, young - giving off a certain subtle aroma, beautiful and depraved being. And that the guest was depraved I knew by her smile, by her aroma, by the special manner of her looking and playing with her eyelashes, by the tone with which she was speaking with my wife who is an orderly woman . . . It wasn't necessary at all for her to tell me that she ran away from her husband, that her husband is old and a despot, that she is good and gay. I understood everything from the first glance, - But mind you there are few men left in Europe who don't know how to distinguish from the first glance of a woman of a known temperment.

"But I didn't know that I had such a strong nephew!" my aunt said while shaking hands with me and smiling.

"And I didn't know that I had such a good-looking aunt!" I said.

Supper began anew. The cork flew from the second bottle with a pop, and my aunt drank off half a glass at one draught, and when my wife went out somewhere for a minute, my aunt didn't stand on ceremony and drank up the whole glass. I became intoxicated both from the wine and from the presence of the woman. Do you remember the song?

Dark eyes Passionate eyes
Ochi chyornie, ochi strastnie,

Burning and beautiful eyes
Ochi zhguchie, i prekrasnie,
How I love you
Kak lyublyu ya vas,
How I fear you
Kak boyus' ya vas

I don't remember what happened afterwards. Let he who wants to know how love begins read novels and long tales, but I will tell you only a little and in words all from the very same stupid song:

Know that when I saw you
Znat', uvidel vas
It was my unlucky hour
Ya ne v dobry chas...

Everything flew head over tail to the devil. I seem to recall a strange raging whirlwind which began to engulf me like little feathers. It whirled for a long time, and it tore away from the face of the earth me wife, the same aunt, and my strength. From a small station in the steppes it discarded me here on this dark street.

Now tell me, what else bad can still possibly happen to me?

-Anton Chekhov
Translated from Russian by
Lew Bernhardt

POEM

Perhaps one day when it snows - when
the Atmosphere is lighter and clear your
face will still be beauty and I
could roll stones on the red brown
bricks and have you —
Men walked embracing the stifling
dry impulses in the night
There are tracks in the sand ashes!
There is a crimson shaded window
flickering -
There is a fleeting high pitched hum
in the walls -

-J. Cardarelli

THE FOUNTAIN OVERFLOW

Energy is the only life, and is from the Body.
....
The cistern contains, the fountain overflows.
— William Blake,
The Marriage of Heaven and Hell

"Boy, you ain't old," Stub insisted.

I am Carlos, and I sat listening to his words; but my mind had to assure me of their truth.

The people crowded the pavements. They are outside; I, inside, at the end of the unpolished bar enjoy the warmth and the thick glass between us. Always pushing and shoving, especially as the sun set, the people hurried out of the shopping district out of the heart of the city to their homes. My face, red in the last light should look haggard and angry, I thought. So I squinted through my glasses and tried to be angrier. I drained my beer. It was the hour when the old men gathered. Their dispair seemed to extend into me, for they feel the pain, yes, of gall stones and cancer and hearts not so hot anymore. Knowing that all of you is tired and will never work right again. Late afternoons and early evenings we gather at Stub's Bungalow: all old friends, though very separate, each with his section of bar and his meaningless talk of the world. At least we dulled our awareness of the pain.

"You didn't use to drink this early," Stub said as he counted Carlos' change. "Quarter to six. Too early. And you don't need to fence with me, Carlos. Something's eating at you, and you should tell me. We've been friends."

Especially before I quit school, I remembered. It had seemed different in the Bung then, talking to friends, being part of the University, returning through the snow: part of a squadron marshalled by the scotch that burned our insides. I watched some students in the back, eating, with a pitcher of beer on the table; and the smoke from their ash tray--four cigarettes--turned round itself like one column to the ceiling.

"You ought to go back to school, that's what. It ain't healthy for a young fellow to sit on his ass. Christ, what a chance you have to be something. And have some fun. Look at the girls at the University. You could make a hell of a life with one of them."

"Yes," said I, exaggerating a nod, and was glad when Stub went to the other end of the bar. He was a fine man. I watched his hands work. The beefy, aproned figure worked up the row of old men. While he talked, his hands moved automatically: fixed a drink or opened a bottle, always wiping the bar. If I could do that....Stub slotted an empty, opened a new bottle of beer, took the quarter I had put on the bar.

"Are you waiting for someone, Carlos?"

"Jeanne," I explained, which please Stub.

"I was sure you had a reason for being here this early." The blank eyes crinkled happily at me. Stub's face is deeply lined. He's been around, seen a lot from behind his bar. Sure, I thought bitterly, and seen the whole world as through a television tube: my God, how a man's mind warps to one mode of knowing.

"And Jeanne—there's a girl for you, Carlos." He leaned across the bar. "Man, what a shape, eh? Ask her out tonight. Christ, it's obvious she's hot for it. I can see that, all right."

Jeanne loves me. And (Stub would have been surprised at this, not understood it perhaps) I love her. For I love her with the peace of worn bluffs bare to the sea: not for what I take from her, but for what she has given me of myself.

I wanted to run from the bar; I doubted that I should speak with her again. We love—I could say that. Jeanne loves me, has become one with me; and I've felt her teach my soul to lie next to hers, this for an enormous night which must never end. But, I thought, and the dispair returned that I had sloughed when for an instant Jeanne's face filled my mind, it is ending. I am destroying it, even as I observe my vanity and deceit; I am making myself dead, and I fear for Jeanne. To hold her, to have her want to make love with me first, to want her to like my touch above those of others: that's why, Stub, I cannot take Jeanne out tonight. There is a part of me mounting up as we move closer together: once more we kiss and go to bed: it strengthens. Until I shall have to kiss her again and again, all tomorrows the same, until I must hold Jeanne to me. The lesson Jeanne taught my soul was understood, but I was not content. In time I would have to possess her, to take her from David. Feel me, Stub, look into my eyes and see the demon there that would touch Jeanne and could never thereafter not touch her. Ask her out? that's what you still say, Stub?

"Jeanne would go out with me anytime, Stub."

"That's what I just said, ain't it."

Jeanne was inside the door. Watching her I could only think is she not to be mine? not to be cherished like a treasure? I pushed my moist palms against my slacks, slid off the stool, approached this lithe body that completed me. I levered my arm at the elbow prepared to take her to a table. Only when I was almost to her, she turned and the raven hair fell away from her face. My arm dropped and I felt myself smiling: seeing Jeanne fills me with laughter. She is my blood, you see, the blood flowing through me. Oh, so rare it is to see the essence of one's own life, and I spread into it. My soul is of Jeanne--that I flooding out into the world

in joy and delight and energy, that I like a drop of spray rising up and falling back into a fluting stream. To be aware of the body that spumes forth, the soul that is never separate: this is the love Jeanne taught me. My soul is of me, and of Jeanne and David and the world. All this inspriited in an instant, before the questions pulled me away from the void into which I would plunge. Is it my soul or the demon in my mind that has just reached out to Jeanne? do I work and act or do I play? My soul slides back until its presence is only a penetrating confusion, a negation of my mind's work. I think: think Jeanne to be a leaf. I would know her, fragile yet strong, as I had felt her before. Describe a leaf; mention color, shape, texture. I feared for Jeanne and myself because these things were not enough for me; I would rip the leaf apart, puzzling (oh! I had felt something beyond), dissecting its parts with gleeful precision. I would pull the green stuff from the stem and render it puny and no longer a leaf; then, disgusted, I would throw the pulp away.

Puffed out, talking about the day, I led Jeanne to a table. Stub brought a checkered tablecloth--I didn't even know he had one--and a candle for the centerpiece.

After the first beer, Jeanne said: "I spent the weekend with David, you know."

I had not known. My stomach knotted, which angered me. Jeanne seemed not to notice, and she continued easily.

"We went skiing at Lake George. Carlos, it was so beautiful. The snow was perfect, no tracks on it at dawn: a big white void waiting for me to race across."

"That is your world," so knowingly said I, "A world of no previous tracks."

"Some day I'll live in the mountains. Maybe in Canada."

"Quebec for you." I smiled because I could not think of Jeanne living anywhere. The last time she said she would live on a boat; before that, in Ireland; before that, on the seacoast. I tried to imagine Jeanne with a home, but could not.

"I remembered your telling me about mountains, especially when I was riding the lift. They seemed so big as they fell away behind me, smaller and smaller, one folded bit of the land." Her voice was warm: "Remember when you made up that tale about being a fire ranger."

I was angry. "Too well. Let's not begin on that."

Jeanne said, "Why not?" gently. "I liked very much to hear you tell it. It was a good story."

"Good? Stupid, you mean. The experience is the thing—that's what it was—the American philosophy bullying out of me, and I had to grind a heel into the guys at the University."

"I liked the story. What you were expressed itself. It was an honest expression. You would not say it now."

I had improvised the story over coffee like a machine, an ego carefully carded for bolstering and protection. Couldn't I say it now? "Stupid," I said.

"But the way you described the mountains," Jeanne broke off, not wanting to reason with my mind. "Oh, I felt so fantastic this weekend, Carlos, with the hills and trees; and even the people were like firebrands in yellow and scarlet parkas seen far away on the sloped. I went swimming in one of those foggy pools, you know, and the sky just absorbed me and I vanished with the vapour."

"A big mystery," which I comprehended so easily.

"Like I am the vapour." The confiding voice is jocund: but a cinnamon voice, a base line—"and the mountains, the sky and you; I have to be"—organic, unquestionable, always there.

"It ended very badly," Jeanne finally pushed out the words. "A fine weekend. Then it was ugly."

I wanted to hear. My jelly-insides trembled as if at some verge, and I was aware of myself.

"The last morning the sun came through the window and woke me. David was still asleep, and I sat up and stripped down the blankets. Our legs were golden in the sunlight. I loved him. We stayed in bed after he woke up, and I knew he wanted to say things. And I couldn't stop him."

All I saw was Jeanne's beauty, Jeanne uncovered on the sheets. Only with David beside her.

"There is something first I must tell you." She paused. The words seemed hard to find. "I am pregnant, I think by David. He believes the child to be his."

A child! A ring through the nose of her soul and David hanging on with both hands. Even as Jeanne told her happiness in the coming baby, I could only feel empty. What I was, my body, my soul, Jeanne completed.

The joy in describing the child became tears. "I want the baby, God knows I want the baby. But I don't want to change everything. Not to become a typical--"

"Nothing has to change."

"David wants me to marry him."

David came towards me. I had shoved him. He spoke, but the words were unimportant and I did not want to hear them; I shoved him again. He came back, I shoved him almost frantically, clumsily I pursued. David stepped to the right, his left hand punched straight out. My lip split and I grabbed his jacket, feeling its rich texture I wanted to rip it; but the left came again. I backed into a table. Books and ash trays hit the far wall after the sweep of my forearm. The fury building to wreak my aloneness on David's world: I shall break his body and his damned apartment. Moving under his arms I pushed him against a bookshelf, smiled as a wine bottle fell, smashed, and its candle rolled away over the floor. We moved around the floor, it seemed a long time, David punching, dodging, moving skillfully until I would reach him and driving both fists to his chest send him running backwards on his heels. David's mouth made a harsh sound as he breathed. I had tired his heart, and his lungs could not get enough air. The left again, the breathing quiet, I hated the silent effort that would not yield. I moved under the right that followed, my own right made a narrow arc, a blow to the stomach that winded him. The plush fibers: again, crazed at the feel my fingers, like talons, coiled into the soft jacket. I set my hip, my hips turning the start of the strength through my body to my arms then hands. David's head hit the plaster with a sharp tick. And I shook him, and I valued the one sound and the looseness of his snapping neck.

I released the jacket and David sagged to the floor. His legs folded under his body so that he did not go all the way down. He looked like a strange Bodhisattva sitting against the wall. I would put it in the den as a hunter should. I went to the kitchen and returned with a bottle of white Tokay, and drank from the bottle. Sitting on the floor, looking at my friend from the University. A great tiredness: I wanted to be in Tokay or anyplace else. Only three hours had passed since I

left Jeanne, only three hours of becoming drunk in a downtown bar on the way to David's apartment. I came here to beat the shit out of David, and I had drunk a little courage, the bit of discipline needed to injure a friend. Now nothing of the fury remained, only the hollow resolve that David would not have Jeanne; and the tiredness was all.

The night had merged with many others. The fantasy of my history shook my being, snapped it as if at the end of a willow whip. The ghosts of my selves bowed, ballooning over my consciousness, remembered from the moments when I stood outside and watched Carlos in the world. The many that are Carlos: the ghosts of my being's metamorphosis from life to culture: from child to adult, from intuition and creation to discipline and history. I was none of them and all. Having fabricated them in my will, I abandoned them; and they became revelatory in their excess of inhumanity.

My various shades that had battled where there were no battles. The protector of Jeanne, the defender of my inward self completed in Jeanne: this night that ghost was my shell.

David's eyes were fastened to mine. They gazed unswervingly; his eyes belonged in that great rectangle head beside the broad Nordic nose: there was a wholeness to his features. Nor was the hatred alien. David knew that Jeanne had drawn away from him since the morning when he, all sincerity and love and tenderness--virility in his grasping expression of it--wanted her to live with him always and tried to contract her to his bed. David further knew that Jeanne loved me. The hatred was with him a complete expression. I was his rival; and his course was cleary charted.

I went to the kitchen and cleaned my face. The fight was finished for me. I wet a towel with cold water and took it to David. David pressed the towel to each eye, then threw it aside. I returned to my seat on the floor and to my wine. The moment when one action followed another automatically, unthinkingly, had vanished. Nothing stays with me long: not the combat nor the idea nor the vision. Jeanne has been my hope. In her I can learn to express myself wholly, mind and body and emotions. And only in her.

"It shouldn't have come to this," I said finally. "But Jeanne isn't something to be made into an efficient machine—doing the laundry, cooking meals."

David was on his feet. He ran his fingers through long blond hair and sat on a high stool. He smoothed his coat.

"Jeanne's a woman, not a damned saint. And I will have her, will take her like men take women." His voice said what Carlos felt: that there was one chance in ten thousand of ever having a girl as wonderful as Jeanne again. And David intended to hold her.

"Jeanne will never be satisfied living with only one person. She is afraid of moving too close to any of us."

"Jeanne loves me."

"Yes. And many besides you."

"I'll help her there," David said. "I don't intend to wonder every night whether my wife will be home for dinner or off in some corner making you happy--you or the others." David attacked. He brought back a night at the cabin on the

Finger Lakes near Hemlock. Four of us there were: he with Jeanne and I had another girl, Joan, who went to Eastman.

"What did it seem like, Carlos, on the other side of the cabin with Jeanne and I making it?"

"I've slept with Jeanne often enough before; you know that." Yet I remembered—I lying there with Joan—how my mind had been a great incubus of Kuma Sutra and Glossop, abstract and skillful, listening to the sounds of Jeanne's body so close.

"I know you hated it, hated me then."

"No," I said, "Not then. You and Jeanne were the same to me. I loved you both. Only when you tried to separate me from Jeanne did I begin to oppose you." I concluded: "We hate only when we fear."

"You dream in fantastic realms."

I felt I was standing at the base of a great dung mountain. An avalanche is racing down its face. Often I have looked on the life-that-is-death, our queer conventionalities and chosen values—with Jeanne—and we blasted through; and after, nothing was the same. Now I watch the dung avalanche and know it shall not overwhelm me, but I am alone. I am enlightened, in a way, but equally as dead. I am dead because I am incomplete; but I can hold Jeanne no more than David. So be it.

At the Pithod there is jazz and a mob of Negroes even on a weeknight. I wanted the noise, the rhythm. For I was a musician, a trumpeter, cooking a line of buzzing tones and not considered harmony. I would try to get tea. I would heighten the awareness of my so beautiful self. And wail my song even more, the song of beauth and love of beauty. I shall shout a louder No to the avalanche of dung. Only one of the girls who worked there, Laurie, came first, her fine dark skin like a pool as her sweat reflected the lights. She walked to the table, her belly leading, very slowly; not especially caring if she came, she moved. Though after she sat down and looked through me very cooly at first, she smiled feeling the rythm of me respond to her, reaching out very quickly; we each knew we had what the other wanted that night. Oh, she was sweet that night. I wanted her and she was coming: who cares what brought her, if it was the smell of my sweat or the blood on my hand where I had smashed it against David's wall or the tears too tired to flow, if it was at the core of beauty to overflow, if our souls must not be separate. What we did was play.

A blues from the bandstand: Laurie and I danced. She pressed very close; my arms were at my sides, I did not have to hold her close. Our bodies wrapped in the music moved together over the floor. We grooved like two lines that crossed, and that moment was the point, the unison. Each could feel it and make the other know he felt it. We pressed as our bodies fully desired to feel, my nose filled with the contemplative moist smell of her hair, our knees touched electrically.

Jeanne came in and I winked at her. A merchant sailor was with her: Jeanne often went to the docks and knew a sailor for a night. She laughed back.

Laurie and I made it upstairs. I had to pay George "for the room," but Laurie had said, "No, don't make him pay," which was very funny. My laughter brought Laurie closer still. In bed I kissed her all over with my mouth, but my arms and hands were still: she did not surrender, I knew I did not wish to conquer. We played. I imagined I could feel the life beginning in Jeanne's belly.

My child and David's. Jeanne is eager for this child; and I, too. Our hands and fingers, all our bodies played. Oh, and the wine had made me tired and I was in a drowsy half-sleep like you get lying a long time in the sun. Laurie had put my fingers in her mouth and was sucking them and the sound was like a shaft of sunlight in a gloved grove of Eden trees. The delightful movings of her sucking cheeks made me hear the murmer of waves rolling in and out in and out. I touched her breasts which were the delight of my fingers moving. Laurie kissed my ear. I bit her thigh, kissing down the darkness until I sucked her toes and the joy was my sucking cheeks and her toes. Then she plumbed my naval, we laughing shrilly like children. The laughter subsided, and we slept for two hours.

When I left Laurie and went downstairs, the band was too loud. Jeanne had gone.

I went to my apartment. My few clothes and some books were quickly stuffed in a duffle bag. I am getting out of Rochester this morning, for I need to go somewhere warm and thaw my bones. At dawn I walked to Jeanne's apartment. The first light of fatigue of the night.

"Does David sleep now?" I wondered aloud. I think that he does. Not I. What I used to be I saw in David's posturing, his composure. David's world of social crap and social sex that knows only possession and the sham of procreation and competition: it cannot touch me. I feel what I should have told David, asked, How do you take Jeanne to bed? For if he hadn't made it like Jeanne and I . . . . And I am sure he has not. Not had the entire body alive and every fiber rooted to its pleasure. Not flowed into the objects of his being's pleasure. With Jeanne everything you do is right. With Jeanne you don't think and hesitate and stumble. Everything you do is what you want to do. You don't lay in bed thinking about how movie stars look making love in the flicks. Jeanne and I try to bring out every ounce of pleasure for ourselves. It's not unselfish, but pure pleasure that can't be attained alone.

I borrowed ten dollars from Jeanne. David would live with her now, she said, but she would not marry him.

"If things do not work out this way," said Jeanne, "Will you come when our baby is near?"

"Yes. And we shall live in the cabin on the lake."

I left in the sunlight, the dufflebag on my shoulder. Knowing that Jeanne and I shall always love, that the spun flux of our souls is inseparate. I would wander and my soul would spread farther and farther. Jeanne walked to the corner with me. Jeanne kissed me, her hand on my neck, slipping down my arm, the fingers; I had begun and I moved away, the flesh no longer touching.

- *Justin Adam*

KATHERINE ANN PORTER: SIXTEEN QUESTIONS

Katherine Ann Porter was born in Indian Creek, Texas in 1894. Her family was Catholic, and she was educated in various convent schools in the South. She was a sensitive child, and began very early to experiment with writing, although she did not publish her first fiction until she was well into her twenties. Her first published story was titled "Maria Concepcion." After 1922, she produced a series of stories. The collection, "Flowering Judas and Other Stories," appeared in 1930. Miss Porter has travelled widely, for a while serving as a teacher in Mexico. She has been married and divorced twice, and since 1942 has lived in New York City, has made several trips to Hollywood where she served as a scriptwriter, and has now settled in Washington, D.C., spending most of her time on her writing. Miss Porter is recognized as an important American author, and has won great public acclaim with the publication of her first novel, "Ship of Fools."

Calvert Review: How do you begin to write and where does the motivation come in?
Miss Porter: I don't know.

C.R.: How did you start as a writer?
Porter: I began early and kept on until now.

C.R.: Do you feel that a college education would have had an influence for better or worse on your work?
Porter: I didn't want to. A college education is no doubt a good thing in itself for certain minds, but it is in no way connected with the practice of an art. I never set foot in a college or university until I went there to teach. This is nothing for or against formal education. It is just a fact in my personal experience.

C.R.: What has been your experience working with students as a writer in residence? Do students show a serious interest in writing?
Porter: My experience as a writer in residence was very busy. Very few students, like yourself, for instance, are interested in literature. They sometimes show interest, or curiosity, about the lives and personalities of writers. They collect autographs, for example, when they do not even spell properly the name of the solicited writer.

C.R.: Many writers, like Hemingway, never went to college, but started in journalism, do you think this is good experience? Was it for you?
Porter: Again, let's not confuse things. Journalism is a profession, really good journalists are as rare as really good artists: but the writing of true fiction has nothing to do with the half-fictions of a good deal of newspaper writing. My own work as newspaper reporter, though brief, was exhausting and worthless to me.

C.R.: Why do you choose to live in Washington,—considering the many places you have lived?
Porter: It was here, and so was I, in the summer of 1959.

C.R. Gertrude Stein said that "living in Paris purified her English and made her the stylist that she is." Did living in Paris have the same effect on you?
Porter: If Paris really made Miss Stein the "stylist" she was, all the worse for all concerned.

C.R.: Do you think it benefits a writer to travel?
Porter: It benefits a writer to live his own life thoroughly and honestly - old - fashioned word, but it still means what it says. Whether he travels or stays at home his art will develop according to what he is, not where he is.

C.R. Do you feel that the most creative medium today is fiction?
Porter: For me, yes. I would not attempt to answer for anyone else. The word "creative" has become nearly slang, it has been so misused and kicked around by idle minds....

C.R.: Are there any new writers today whom you could single out as showing more potential than others?
Porter: Several—and very fine ones - a definite change from the late popular trash, but I prefer not to name names here. I know who they are, and they know I know, along with many others who keep in touch with the young promising ones.

C.R.: Do you think that conditions today are more favorable to a beginning writer than they were when you began to write?
Porter: For bad and mediocre and, above all, writers of gutter-sex and crime, yes. The difficulties for a superior talent are about the same as ever: severe, but not insurmountable.

.R.: It has been said that you and Katherine Mansfield resemble each other in style and manner, do you think this is true?
Porter: No. Katherine Mansfield is a superb artist, and I read her stories with great admiration for her qualities. I write as well as I can, and make no claims. But I have said before that the resemblances between that artist and me were that we were both women, both named Katherine,both wrote short stories, and we are as different as red and green for example. Critics use these inept comparisons as crutches for their incompetence.

.R.: It seems as if the short story has been your principle medium, why?
Porter: Because short stories were what I could do.

.R.: Why did you wait until so late in your career to write in the novel form? Had you experimented with this novel form before?
Porter: I didn't wait. That novel was forming in my mind and notes for thirty years during which time I published three other books. I wrote and destroyed two other novels earlier. I did not think that form was for me.

.R.: Do you think that the critics understood the Ship of Fools, and do you think that any of the criticisms were valid?
Porter: I didn't read all the review of Ship of Fools, and most of those I saw were not by critics at all. I saw three or four very remarkably astute ones; certainly there were critics who understood the book. A great number of the popular reviews were just malicious, full of resentment as if they were responding to a personal attack of some sort. I was astonished that my book fell into such hands, but it has done no harm. My friends are still my friends, and my readers are many and write me fine letters—and the book sells; and I am glad I wrote it, and would still write it! What more could an artist ask for in this world?

.R.: Do you have any advice to give to beginning writers—certain pitfalls that are self-evident in the writing profession, etc.?
Porter: No. The real ones, the gifted, fated ones, don't need it; and the others can't take it.

-Linda Boyd
Jay Lange

11 x 16-1/2 — Cynthia Green

AN INTERVIEW WITH BROTHER ANTONINUS

A Californian of Norwegian descent, Brother Antoninus was born Willia Oliver Emerson in Sacramento in 1912. Except for reading tours in the East a South, he has passed his entire life on the West Coast. He resides as a lay broth at the Dominican House of Studies in Oakland, works as a master printer on t Albertus Magnus Press, and writes in his leisure hours the devotional poems co lected in "The Crooked Lines of God" and his new volume, "The Hazards of Holiness

As a young man he was a disciple of Lawrence and Jeffers, and an exponent a kind of pastoral pantheism. During World War Two, he stood forth courageous as a conscientious objector—even though he did not adhere to any specifically formulated religion. His conversion occurred during the Christmas season of 1948. Following a short period with a Catholic Worker group, he entered the Dominican Ord in 1951. It was at this time that he took the name Brother Antoninus.

Calvert Review: Do you feel that writing is the most important aspect of creativity
Antoninus: Everyone works out their vocation in terms of their aptitude and wh they can do best. This is where their creativity hinges. I think that, objective speaking, a very good case could be made for the claim that literature is the cruci creative act. I say this only because of the way that our thought processes ar usually verbalized and because of the way that the other facets of all the other fiel of expression can be found to participate in this one expression.

C.R.: It has been said that poetry is primarily emotion and that intellect is eith driven by or excluded by emotion when a person is creating poetry. Do you agre with this?
Antoninus: Well I essentially agree—with qualifications. To simply draw an equa tion between these can be bad. I think that danger has to be avoided but I belie that, in so far as all art is concerned, the primacy lies essentially with the sens bility over which the intellect plays: but in the art the motivation essentially li with the sensibility.

C.R.: Does it follow then that a very intelligent person would not necessarily have the emotional sensibility to be a poet?
Antoninus: Well I'm afraid to say that...intelligence as opposed to the other. You see, it is as if everything—speaking scholastically—we receive comes through the senses, and there is a correlation made back to the deeps of memory. The previous experience and imagination projects on the possibility of the memory of past experience in the back, so that still objectively on the material level of our senses, you get this memory as well as prospect in terms of a kind of synthetic grasp of the sensibility there. Now on top of this intellect, stimuli begin to play as a correlation with his past experience. There is an instantaneous, prospective, imaginative survey of the possibilities in the future and the opportunity that the intellect makes is its power of judgment. You see, the power of judgement lies essentially with the intellect. Emotion and intellect are separate faculties, but they operate together and it is this cooperation, that is the essence of human nature as opposed to animal nature. Angelic nature is essentially pure intelligence in operation. But in the human being they are together. In art, the two faculties find their penetration with one another.

C.R.: Do you feel that the artist must have some important fact in his life—some tremendous cross or intellectual awakening—on which to base his work?
Antoninus: The artist is the kind of man in whom his conscious and unconscious views are so closely engaged that he obtains a constant tension between them. This is why he keeps on writing, in spite of debts or in spite of success. The facts of his nature which closely hinge on an equation between the conscious and the unconscious really distinguish the great writer.

C.R.: Do you consider yourself as belonging to any distinct "school" of poetry?
Antoninus: Yes. If you look at modern writers, you see a very great tension. One school of thought, stemming from Eliot, which is Appollonian, and another school of thought, which stems from an earlier poet, Whitman, who is Dionysian. I consider myself a Dionysian. That is to say, a shaggy rather than a smoothy. The West Coast movement generally falls into the Dionysian ring, relevant to a kind of revolt against the East Coast Appollonian, who they seem to feel have an establishment which controls awards and prizes, writes the reviews, and controls the offices of publishers and editors.

C.R.: Who do you consider the greatest American poet?
Antoninus: My own master was Robinson Jeffers. I think he's the greatest American poet. That's a very unpopular view right now, but I still hold to it. I believe the future will verify this intuition, but it's not something I can prove. I believe in the gravity and the range of his imagination of its constant search for eternal themes rather than sensitory themes. I like his reliance on nature and the great archtypes in nature instead of the changing spectrums of ideas which seem to prevail in urban centers of literature. Jeffers forcused his attention on nature, and man in nature.

C.R.: Who do you feel are in the top echelon of the new wave of writers:
Antoninus: Hart Crane and Dylan Thomas are outstanding living poets on the Ap pollonian level. Robert Lowell would be immediately outstanding, and on the Diony sian side it's hard to say. We know that the Dionysian side takes longer to endure for the critics to come to terms with.

C.R.: Why so?
Antoninus: The dominant American critics of our time are the new writers an they're extremely Appollonian and extremely suspicious of Dionysian. Almos blind to it. And that's one of the great flaws that our critical age is suffering from- this blindness of the Appollonian. The Appollonian have always been European an tended to adapt formal European modes and criteria to apply. Well, this tensio between Henry James and Walt Whitman is the split in American literary culture We have all our critics essentially Jamesean—understanding and appreciatin James somewhat, acknowledging Whitman but not much interested in him, but ex tremely hostile to men like Jeffers. I'm speaking in terms which can be attacked but which I think are essentially true. Hemingway and Wolfe were attacke severely by foremost critics in their day when they emerged and the great Dionysia novelists—Wolfe is one of them, Miller another—make their way almost by shee survival. Novelists can do that because they're in a field that has public ap peal. Poetry is the Cinderella of the arts. It has no public, and therefore un less it finds its acceptability, it won't find a publisher, because the publisher only publish for prestige and naturally they're not going to spend money on book unless there's prestige in it and the only place that prestige comes fro is the critic. So the dilemma of the Dionysian poet is much greater than th Dionysian novelist.

C.R.: Do you believe that a poet must be highly educated?
Antoninus: The Appollonian poet has to have education. It's very hard for him he doesn't. On the other hand, Dionysian poets are attracted to the university a least for a while because it might be the place to go where poetry is under stood and appreciated. After high school they are struggling to clarify themselve and are inevitably drawn to where art is understood and so they will go for a yea or two, or actually finish. Jeffers went through the whole bit. Mostly he studie science, which is a rare case. Frost, I guess did too. Usually the Dionysian poet i threatened after a while in the academic milieu. After he finds out how to writ nominally and discovers where his orientation is, he usually leaves and then goe either back to the land of bohemia or to some place opposite the intellectual milie and works out his creative destiny alone. Melville, for instance, went to the seas That sort of thing. A Dionysian can work out his creative destiny without forma academic training. An Appollonian can't.

C.R.: Then what do you recommend to an aspiring poet?
Antoninus: I think that college can corrupt a poet, but I think many mentalitie profit by it. There's a certain middle ground profits by it very much. A grea Dionysian can be harmed by it and possibly can't endure it. Three semesters wa the most I could take and I had to get out. My unconscious couldn't tolerate a

cademic situation. The artist usually learns by persistence. Usually, the artist s clarified by his contact with other people and this is why he often needs critical ersonalities around him to augment his own weak critical function and help him. had come from a small town atmosphere and I had only the thoughts of my family. hese were not satisfying me, and I was in a state of unrest when I went up to col- ge and came into contact with other minds. Other young minds. I didn't find nyone on the faculty who helped me, but I did find contact with young men who had nowledge of points of view. Another world of points of view. It was there with ny contact with them that I reaffirmed myself. I had been indifferent with my family nd my townsmen, and it reaffirmed me in my particular situation and once I got , I left it and began.

- Jay Lang

LOOKING AT STACK FLAME AT DUSK

In the dying day the flame brightens,
Seeming gathering, though strong at noon,
Flame and light from the waning day.
By night the flame sucks black, fires air
To a spark-charged vermillion pencil, drawing;
Bright beacon beckoning in its single-loveliness.

So you, lady? Does your flame hair,
Bright skin call more my longing
By my other ladies' paling?
Firelike, your allure, my desire flare on a fade?
Or do you gather beauty as a flower,
From a bright source? Better such your power;
Jaded of brief nights and blanching days
I see one strong in the glare.

-Richard T. Cecil

SHORT STOR

We also had this guy in our rooming house, John Parky was his name, wh had left a monastery to become a pimp, and then stopped being a pimp and starte studying Buddhism in order, as he told us: "to atone for his past sinful way and reach the higher life."

So it was that he would practice Yoga and all the rest, trying to learn to hav supreme control over his body and its functions: to get along without breathin for five minutes at a clip, to isolate his left rectus abdominus from his righ to hold the semi-matsyendra posture for more than half hour periods witho even once winkling his p-s, and — finally, to eat s-t.

One bad day a few of us found this future Brahman John doing a very diffi cult diaphragm-raising exercise in topsy-turvy posture, or — in other words standing on his head. There we stood, half laughing, half alarmed, watchin the future Brahman. His face had by then acquired an interesting and not alto gether displeasing shade of blue-maroon, and was further adorned by very man bulging veins. We were quite surprised, for we never knew John had so man veins in his face. Out they stood, getting fatter by the moment, coming out fro around his eyes, his nose, his cheeks, and even his ears. Finally . . . very slowl . . . looking straight ahead . . . the master was opening his mouth to say some thing to his mundane company: "I have finally achieved Nirvana, and will sta like this forever", we heard him say. Having closed his mouth, he then pro ceeded to look straight ahead, seeming to have actually said his final words t this sinful world, and now to be completely cut off from us.

Thus we watched him a few more minutes, thinking to ourselves that there was probably something very wrong with his medulla oblongata, or something —and suddenly, all together — we kicked him over. He started to cry quietly and has never quite forgiven us for it.

By the way, apparently the shock must have been so, - I mean, his world his Nirvana tumbling over his head and all, - that he has never again assume

he diaphragm-raising topsy-turvy posture, — and consequently, never again chieved Nirvana.

-Mario Speiser

EPHEMERA

To C-
with whom I am learning

Curious the feeling
Seeing her answer
With a forced smile,
Condescending
To my happiness
At seeing her
What have I done?
Is it something I have done
that veils her gaze with mist

Yesterday (all so evident)
She resents my presence
avoids my eyes
laughs . . .
laughs with quivering lips
taut nerves mock
the numbness of the mind

This morning-
No more of this dumb-show
"What is the matter?"
Hesitant
She hints nervously
At the nature of things
"But you owe me nothing."
"I do not own you."
"Yes, that's it, Dan."

And now there remains the matter
Of reconciling myself with this fact.

- Robin Savage

LOVE'S ALCHEM

That loving wretch that swears....
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.

—*John Donne*

With his thin stained fingers Albert Newsome plucked the tarnished strin of the harp which had been his mother's—her most cherished possession—and wa now his wife's. He had found it in her closet among the shoe boxes and casto Easter hats, buried under years of dust and tarnished with neglect.

His mother had been a music teacher, and Doris Daphne Morrison, Albe Newsome's wife now for twenty-five years, twenty-five years tomorrow to be exac had been one of her less talented but more enthusiastic students. The harp Albert's slender, almost womanly hands was a replica of the famous Aeolian lyr that fantastic panting sensitive instrument like Shelley's heart: the least brea of wind would set it singing in passionate tones, but of course it had always bee silent in the closet, stifled. It was a wedding gift to Doris, part of that collecti of ancient instruments upon which Albert's mother had lavished so much religiou care, like a preserving coil upon their sacred burnished bodies. She had touche them with all the delicacy and wonder of a priest wiping the chalice and the gol plate before communion. Yes, she had despaired of ever playing them well, wh with the housework and hours of teaching, but preferred to have them in polishe silence than not to have them at all. Albert remembered her soft gray hands, war and smooth like shadows, touching the gleaming gold strings as she had ofte caressed his cheek, with chastened longing and mute despair. Then she would s the table, fling the white cloth out over the table and let it drift neatly dow

"So white," she said, and went "Emm," like the woman on television. A she had grey hair, too, like the woman.

Then she would set the silver knife beside the silver fork, admiring the Stie roses on the respectable handles. Between them she would place the middle-clas

blue china dishes quietly and decorously. At about five in the afternoon when the sun was beginning to dissolve and drip like syrup among the branches of the Maple tree outside Albert's window, Dr. Newsome, his father, would open quietly the front door. With that measured bed-side manner which characterized everything he did, he would kiss his grey-haired wife. At six, Albert Newsome's father, older in manner and appearance than most fathers he had thought, would call from the bottom of the stairs.

"Dinner's ready."

Albert, who was then a pale, restrained boy of twelve, would pull himself away from his desk at Dr. Newsome's call, closing the brown eye which he had rested for half an hour—in a kind of moody sleep—on the sun and smoke of Maple leaves. With his other eye, the crystal blue one, he would glance quickly at his biology text, open to a glossy diagram of the heart, labeled right and left ventricle, right and left auricle, aorta, pulmonary artery, noting the chemistry and composition of the organ. Then he would join his parents in the dining room, hold his mother's chair with self-conscious politeness while she was seated, and return to his place. He and his mother folded their hands and bowed their heads in reverent silence. Dr. Newsome did not join them in grace.

"I don't mind if the boy is raised Catholic," Dr. Newsome often explained to his devout wife. "But when he reaches the age of reason he will have to make his own decision in matters of religion, just as I did." Yes, he had told her as he might have broken news of impending death to relatives, with the deliberate voice of reason.

"You knew my convictions or lack of them," he usually concluded, "when you married me. I did not sign my son over to your church.

As he plucked the tarnished strings Albert Newsome remembered. How disapproval had scaled his heart like burning water. After Grace he looked to his mother, just as he watched with ardent expectation the teachers' faces during class, waiting for the nod, the smile. But, as his father passed the first dish, Albert's blue eye would glimmer like a piece of glass. He and Dr. Newsome would exchange a knowing glance, like two specialists conspiring on a diagnosis. "Hypocondria. Yes, Hypocondria." He had felt the pain that glance had given her, involuntary though it was, like modesty or shame, in the touch of her mourning fingers on his false face. He thought of it now as he stroked the once—gold spine of the lyre with his own aging hands. His blue eye had always betrayed his brown eye; he had always betrayed his mother for a nod from the man. Now the longing and the despair and the silent lyre were his.

Albert Newsome had always been self-conscious about his eyes, because they made him different, being of different colors, a unique specimen of humanity, a freak of nature. He had felt much the same way about the piano lessons his mother urged upon him: a feminine pursuit, music, hardly to be taken seriously by a boy. Two lessons formed the extent of his musical education. He didn't care to be called "Little Lord Fauntleroy" by Dr. Newsome. At first, on the forms in school which always contained the little check boxes above which was written: "Color of eyes," he did not know what to write, confused. Later, for convenience, and still later, from belief, he had checked the box for blue.

"Yes," he thought, "Albert Newsome has blue eyes. He is a scientist a chemist." He glanced at his stained fingers clinging to the tarnished strings Anything for a nod from the man. And yet, it hadn't all been dull and pedestrian It was interesting at times, when he had the laboratory to himself, more like alchem then chemistry. He had once liked the search, the romance of formulas that migh someday yield him the Philosopher's Stone. It had not always seemed impossibl that brass in his hands might turn to gold.

The dinner conversations had followed a fixed pattern, like a game of ches his parents had played for years, making the same moves on the same board Dr. Newsome smiled across the white expanse of table, winked at his son, an with the precision of a surgeon making an incision asked his usual questions

"Well, discovered any budding young Beethovans today?"

Albert always blushed for his mother but could not keep from returnin Dr. Newsome's confidential nod.

She smiled, like a brave patient.

"No, not today," she said.

And so it had gone, day after day, year after year. In due time he went t college, Colgate, Dr. Newsome's alma mater. He graduated after four years tha passed like pale beer. There were girls, gay tawdry selfish girls—like dimestor jewels, most of them—, and there were all night sessions with chemistry texts Every other semester he might sneak in a poetry course, or music history, t please his mother he'd told Dr. Newsome. There were no honors with his degree no academic plaudits, but he made a respectable showing. The blue eye pulled hir through. A year later he married Doris. Now it was their twenty-fifth weddin anniversary. What did they have to show for it? No children. A childless mar riage. You were so "careful" at twenty-three, and then at thirty you were to busy, and at thirty-five it was too late somehow. It all seemed such a waste

The greying man set the brass-colored harp with a slight hum on the floo at the side of his desk. Everything was so grey, he thought, so silver, old. Onc there had been a fire, a huge sparking bon-fire—a love-affair—like a burstin flower with petals of flame on an emerald stem, something to remember whe your heart was like packed snow. Though perhaps a silver wedding anniversar wasn't the time to recall an old love-affair. But it comforted him to remembe that month or two stretching before him like a green field full of clover and mel lons and those cloud-flowers that floated away when you blew them, with nights ful of fire-flowers and warm fragrant smoke. Though it hurt him too: the girl' gold hair was like a whip, each stroke was sweet pain. Her laughter was like curse, and her quick delving tongue was bitter in his mouth. He had kissed th tips of her fingers: each delicate bud was now a sweet stinging bee. They dance together, naked, on the banks of a green river, and dove into a pool of mauve water O her body was tinged purple beneath the water and her breasts were like whit lilies in the sun. And O her mouth was a green rose. And then it was over, thoug he could not have said it ended "here" or "here". Someone should write abou it, he thought, about how love burns out slowly, like a fire tended only by the winds about how love sneaks away in the night as you toss in sleep, slips through you fingers like water or sand.

Albert Newsome pulled out the drawer of his desk and from it removed a rge leather-bound notebook. In it, for the last two years, he had been writing raps of poetry. Most of the selections were Rupert Brooke and Tennyson, the irile" poets, but there were a few of his own. Leafing through the book he found e last page to be the only clean sheet. He wrote silently. Forming the letters ought him all the peace of confession. He wrote as though among the dark drapes the confessional, and the words, clumsy though they were, were like the in- nse of a priest's voice, gentle and soothing chrism. As he wrote on every other ie the page was soon full and he liked to leave one side clean and white as a ptismal vestment. He took a loose sheet of paper and, after a moment's thought ntinued on it.

"Would you help me with the groceries, Albert?" said Mrs. Newsome from e doorway.

She watched in mild surprise while her husband quickly thrust the sheet of per and the note-book into his desk drawer and slammed it.

"I didn't hear you come in," he said.

"You should have," she said, "The back door slammed, I had so many ckages.

The lyre gave a slight hum as he hit it with his foot in rising, and Mrs. ewsome turned her eyes from her husband's greying head—my, he seemed to be owing older right before her eyes—and from the rather large pouch he now wore der his belt, as though he were in the first months of pregnancy, to the dull strument.

"Whatever are you doing with my harp?" she said. "My, I haven't played at for years."

"For many, many years," he said. "Put it back in your room while I get e groceries.

Mrs. Newsome was left alone in his study, his "den". Yes, she thought, en were like the tame bears at the zoo. Each had to have his little cave. She oked at the desk drawer. What had he deposited there so hurriedly, and what was r harp doing beside his desk? Mrs. Newsome did not like secrets, and her hus- nd's alien privacy had become a source of jealousy to her. Perhaps it had mething to do with their anniversary. Here she'd hardly expected a gift at all. ell, of course, something. A formal gift like a chafing dish, to show the neigh- rs. If only there had been children, someone to make them clay ashtrays at hool and handmade Christmas cards. A silver hair lay curled upon the bodice her blue suit. She picked it off thinking, I don't like secrets, I don't like things dden from me. The drawer was still partially open. In order to get the gilded re she would have to stoop beside it. It had to be a gift. Certainly he had nothing se to hide, not from her. After living with a man for twenty-five years you get know him pretty well. You know every stain on his clothing, every appitite. here are few secrets, none of importance, no "mysteries." Though he did eem to have become more secretive the last few years, kept to himself more. only there had been children, something to unite them, to love and quarrel ver. When had they lost interest? God knows, she thought. If it were a personal ift—could he have some thought in his graying head she didn't know as though it ere spoken—she would have to know, to rise to the occasion, somehow.

Mrs. Newsome heard Albert Newsome in the kitchen. He set the first b of groceries clattering on the kitchen table and slammed the back door as he r turned to the car for the second armful.

The harp gave a soft, hardly audible gilded hum, as though the wind h caressed its strings. No, she thought, it was her imagination. They passed ov that stage long ago. She had the feeling as of something lost, of riches, r squandered, but gone somehow, some small change here, a nickle there, pen at a time. It was as though she and Albert had once possessed a bag of gold du but the bag had a tiny hole. A sewing needle could have made it, but through th hole the precious sand had trickled away, grain at a time. If only they could ta But he had no emotions, or was ashamed of them. Imagine, his own mothe music teacher, and he never learned to play an instrument. What had he sai

"A man has more important things to do. Did you ever see that org player at St. Andrews? Why he's more like a woman than a man."

He was always so gruff and brash and accurate—a demon for precisi He was just like a tame bear at the zoo—a big gruff shaggy bear with the hands a girl—, so unresponsive it wasn't worth the trouble throwing peanuts. They ju bounced off his back.

Mrs. Newsome kneeled beside the desk, bending at the knees, to pick up t lyre. Her eyes came level with the partially open drawer. Setting the harp do she timidly opened the drawer and drew out the note-book. Poetry, she thoug whatever was he doing with poetry? Was this his secret, that he kept hidden fro her? On the last page she found an entry dated the same day.

"I do not know where you are. Like Orpheus I awoke and you were gon and like him in the absence of Eurydice, I have no more music within me—the go lyre has turned to brass in my tarnished hands. It is perhaps the way of love th I did not know of your departure until weeks after you had left, the way of love th you did not tell me you were going, and that, deceived and shunned, I made the ly sing like a golden hummingbird, then wooed the night with the silversound of a swa low's fall, as though you smiled your wonted smile. Your going was deft, so silen were your movements, you left your image where you stood, and like a ch praying—prating—to Mary's painted face, I played to it as though it were you

So he'd had a mistress. This tame bear she had married and made co fortable all his life, thinking him absorbed in his scientific work. This was h reward—to be deceived. And she had thought him more or less indifferent women

Albert Newsome rushed in from the kitchen like a large bear.

"What are you doing there?" he said.

He grabbed the book forcefully from her with his slender hands.

"What right..."

"Right. You talk of right," she said. "How dare you. How could yo Why didn't you ask for a divorce so you could have married her. Oh, I wou have given it to you, gladly. I would have been happy to."

"What are you talking about?" he said.

"Why your ladylove—Eurydice. How poetic —who do you think? The o you miss so much. How soon did you acquire her? Two days after our marriag a week, a month..."

"After our marriage?" he said.

Mr. Newsome bent his silver head over the desk and took from the drawer sheet of paper. He extended it toward his wife with his grey hand, and Doris aphne Morrison read through a haze covering her dim eyes.

"No, I have used the wrong myth, or perhaps the one I have used is not com- ete in itself. Put it this way. At the age of twenty-three I married a woman ho was in fact two women. The first was Daphne, flowering, laurel scented. eautiful Daphne whom I adored and in whose arms I was always Apollo, the most ndsome and gold of gods. But after the first month or so, on what day I am ot sure-nor can I ever be—Daphne left my bed, where she was always something : a captive. She seemed to do it gradually, to slip away a little at a time until one ay I awoke to find her ashes only. A woman named Doris, Daphne's grey shadow ad replaced her at my side beneath the blankets, a thin grey woman who called ie Albert and never played her harp.

The once-gold lyre gave off a slight hum, as though touched by a grey wind r a ghostly hand, a sad tarnished hum.

- Theodore Grant

RECOLLECTION

It will soon rain.
The tree limbs bend low
stretched out against the lush, green underbrush.
Clouds form on the horizon
covering the sky with their dark inky stain;
wildly blows the wind through the trees, across the plain.
It is my friend, my harsh companion,
raging like a wounded animal,
searching for a place to die or to destroy all it encounters.
Shall I mourn the wind? If not, then who shall
mourn for me?

My mind flows through the rubble of bygone ages,
of countless smiles and feigned embrasses,
to the church of sacred light
pitched black in the stillness of night.
All remained calm,
a warm spring shower,
a breath silently taken
soon dissipated and forsaken.
Please my Christ, a new savior;
one to touch,
to feel her flesh consummated in holy communion,
the radiance from her gentle smile.

-J. B. Sansone

THE CHECKER KING

You think you have me cornered with nowhere to go.
But I can still get away.
I can escape from the trap you set
Because you are old, and sick, too,
And only good for spitting in a paper bag.

"Crown me, crown me," you crow.
You think you'll win.
But your cloudy eyes can't watch me very well.
I could spin this board so fast, and you are so old
That you would never even see it turn.
(I would tell you it was like the earth
Which also spins without your seeing it.)

You lift a sharpened finger asking quiet, quiet.
"Walk in faded slippers, but don't talk."
Silence to watch you?
Silly old man, don't ask it.
Can't you see that they don't care?

The final move; I back discreetly towards defeat.
Felt triumph shakes your fingers so that I
Must put my hand on yours and help you win.
(You shall have a sign to hang around your folding neck:
"The Champion, the Geriatric Checker King.")

-Margaret Candace Spellacy

POEM

Winter, wily old woman in laced comforter
fools the darling buds of May
with that one old trick
January
look around, look around
you so, so green buds and roots
what you feel now
will disappear in frost
she will catch you from behind
with her hands
(with her boney hands
her skin is so thin, so withered
ice it is
because you can see through it)
and cold she is and winter she is
all heat and youth have left her
and she is old and knowing
and will catch you and trick you.

—R.M.

THE LOVERS: JOURNEYING BACK TO THE FALL

O children have ye not again entered
Eden
Are not the green and purple shades eternal and always
in that dusky haven
Children sprung of Adam, do ye not shelter again
tasting Adam's hooded foulness with that pureness of
the God

My supplication is to thy cream gleaming
Rooms of nothing let me make in thee
a habit of flame not therein before

Hush hush thy heart, ere the birds
take flight as they do now in me

Darlinged fawns ye entered,
Shied, aped continents that lay between and fell
to each other
breaking all the fawn links on the
new stone of bled desire,
journeying back to the fall.

-Martha Raymond

DIALOGUE

One day after whispering secrets our talk
Was of the shape of the devil
And we agreed he had three sharp points
And three sides and that your body
Was round, unlike him.
That was our minds in concert talking
And I told you further
That if in the steep, sharp world
My body must ever protect your body,
My imagination never needlessly makes leaves bleed
Nor wolves prance out under the moon
Even in these wild woods,
Nor in an unlit night
When into this moving sea we go
Do I pretend that green, salt-breathed, walking fish
Or black bodied fish
Like knives through the smooth sandy sea
Are come to lay me down
And rip flat and bleeding
The curled, memorized parts of you.
And then you said you yourself
Were always afraid, and should you
Ever truly imagine more than the shape of evil
Or see in the ocean death's shark,
Your shyest mind would suddenly shut.

-Arthur Vogelsang

REALITIES

Do things, all light and heavy things I mean,
Begin in you and then, through me,
Drop onto the wide world?
Or is it that, like men and women and their heavy babies,
All begins first with the world's light ecstatic air,
Then goes into me, and then goes into you?
Consider pregnancy, which at first is only the red shadow
Of our baby, and makes you love me more
And show it less. And me love and love
Till imagination like a wild full river touches its top,
Oozes out onto its fringe or grass, and then rushes
Over all, obscuring road and sign, lawn and house,
Shadow and substance. Subtleties and pleasures
And a chance for ecstasy are driven off
By the river and the river's fear. Your own swell
Will become big and real and it will still be so
That you will love me more and show it less and I will love
And love till imagination gathers and bursts. Though now,
Stopped at the wonder of something like water
Hissing over grass, as we were stopped when we made our baby,
Now we see shadow over all and never fear.

-Arthur Vogelsang

AWARDS

POETRY..... Robin Savage

PROSE ..... Justin Adam

ART..... Cynthia Greene

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